

the bad news is there is no good news by meanestvenus

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Summary:

“What are you looking at?”

Billy was watching her from across the hall, lips locked around a lollipop, not even pretending not to stare.

“You,” she finally said, and Stevie slammed her locker with a resounding click.

// Stevie is tired of Billy fucking with her and Billy doesn't think they're too different (which is another way of fucking with her.)

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Author's Note:

If you like pining lesbians/bisexuals, teenage angst, and character development by way of angst introspection, please take a seat on the floor. All the chairs are taken. Also, Nancy is Nate, Jonathan is Jane, etc. You'll catch on.

If things hadn't been as they were, Stevie would have thought Billy was just some loud-dressing bitch from California who liked to curl her lip and brush up suggestively against people she wanted to piss off. Billy could have been just some new girl she didn't know and didn't want to know as she slogged through the mess that was her senior year. But everything was different in Hawkins, or at least she knew everything was different, and Billy was everywhere Stevie didn't want her to be.

"That you, Harrington?" She'd said, curls down her back like a princess but drawing off her cigarette like a porn star. Stevie wished she could turn to someone, Nate, to say isn't she fucking ridiculous?

But instead she heard her voice, testing: "Yeah, it's me. Don't cream your pants."

Stevie had been "bad news" just as much as she had been "good news", but she knew real trouble when she saw it. She should have relinquished her feelings for Nate as early as the signs started and lost him in the mess that was Hawkins High, pretended like she didn't see him when he was in her peripheral view--like every other boy she'd been with. But she didn't, somehow she was stupid enough to think in some small place that if she took care of his brother and his stupid friends that Nate would want her back. She was stupid enough to see how resilient the kids were, how easy and smart they were, bouncing back and scheming. Though that probably wasn't so stupid, just some weird mommy and daddy issues working themselves out through her tolerance of preteen angst and idiocy.

And she should have fucking planted her feet, but that was old news.

Just like being Queen of Hawkins, just like her first love, just like her grades and parents' attention and her friends.

Billy looking at her--and not side-eyed or quickly because apparently Billy did anything she wanted--Billy looking at her bristling and cold and sometimes just assessing, Billy looking at her and not coming up to insult her or shoving her in practise or do so much as roll her eyes? That was news, and so was the time she acknowledged it.

Stevie flicked through her brand new Wuthering Heights in class, pages slick as wet skin. She hadn't bothered to read it. She couldn't tell where any of her fucks had gone these days, but they hadn't gone to AP English. She'd started sitting near the back just so Miss Attwood would be caught up in the eagerness of the first two rows and lose track of her. Naturally, Billy was smart enough to make the advanced class and stupid/cool enough to slouch in the back.

The thing was, her dad had called the night before to discuss her impending future before her mom had taken the phone to regale her with tales about Miami. Her house was creepy in its emptiness, but she couldn't bear to have anyone she didn't trust there any more, even if she was drunk off her face, which she also didn't trust anyone to be there for any more. So she had barely slept, twitchy in her cold bed with its heavy duvets. She'd heard Mike call her whipped disdainfully as he'd gotten out of the car a few days ago which had bothered her more than she'd thought. Her ex's brother was right, Nate was her first love. And she'd imagined first love to be something special, bright, if not everlasting. And she'd been stupid.

So that was it, frustration and love and disappointment and hopelessness, anger even--at herself, at her parents--everything was swirling in her like a choppy video game when she said:

"What are you looking at?"

Because Billy was watching her from her locker, lips locked around a lollipop, not even pretending to not stare. She slowly popped it out of her mouth.

"You," she said, and Stevie slammed her locker with a resounding click.

"You seem tense, princess," Billy said, smirking around her red candy in her loose shirt and little jean skirt.

"I wonder why," Stevie said, turning around. She didn't care if Billy smacked her in the hallway, she didn't care anymore, but at least someone would report Billy somewhere.

Billy sucked on her lollipop, mouth round and wicked. She let go of it with a pop to say, "I like you. You really don't give a shit at all."

Stevie snorted but it came off too sharp, too uneasy. She covered it: "Glad to know you're taking pleasure in my downfall. Why don't you slam another plate over my head? I'm sure you like the way my eye looks with your fist on it."

Billy smiled and licked her mouth open wide in an ugly smile. "You should learn to stay away from kitchens in fights, babe. There's a lot of glass and sharp edges." Uncharacteristically, she glanced over at the door of a classroom. "And there's people who deserve bruises, Harrington. You're not there."

Stevie rested against her locker, raising her chin in defiance. "Yeah? You sure seemed to enjoy hitting me."

Billy's gaze shot back to her so quickly it startled the hell out of her. "I do what I have to," and then she sneered, "Harrington. And if fighting felt good, didn't you feel good too?"

Silence and stillness fell over them, heavy and thick. Like the first person to speak would start a war in the hallway, blood and biting.

Billy stepped towards her, and every hair on the back of her neck raised but she tried not to flatten herself against her locker. "You can cry yourself to sleep in your cashmere, princess. But some of us don't have that fucking luxury, and I'm not proud of how I talked to those kids--"

"Threatened them!" Stevie interrupted, Billy tilted her head, "There's a lot I'm not proud of. But that doesn't matter. I won't stand being lied to, and I want to know what Max is doing, and I don't care if you don't believe me. Those fucking idiots, their parents probably don't even care." And Stevie was bubbling with responses, bursting with

how strong and cared for the kids were, but then Billy said, “Max and I, we live in a different world. You and those mice need to learn that, and I hope they’ve learned what the consequences of getting Max in trouble are.”

Stevie stepped forward, dropping her books to the side. Trying to look badass. “And what are those?”

Billy smiled with all her white perfect teeth, laughed so the column of her neck was in full view. “Alright, you’re a good babysitter. I’ve seen your dedication first-hand, Jesus, but I did what I had to do.”

“What you had to do?” Stevie pressed, mouth tight in disdain.

Billy rolled her eyes, “What I felt I had to do. I was impulsive as hell, does that make you feel better?”

Stevie rolled her shoulders. The bell rang.

Billy stepped forward, looked directly into Stevie’s eyes. “Max isn’t like the rest of them, even if she thinks she is. I might do whatever the fuck I want, but she doesn’t want to. She can’t be late or break rules. And she can’t do anything with boys.” She leaned in, dropped her eyes to Stevie’s collarbone and said, “Trust me. I don’t like hurting kids or princesses. But I’m happy to let loose a bit. It feels good to be-- an animal, that must be what you think, huh?” She glanced up and Stevie had to look just behind her shoulder at some dumb class spirit board.

“You think you know everything about me, and I don’t give a shit about changing your mind. But I showed up for a reason and you shouldn’t fucking forget what it was.”

She slapped Stevie harshly on the shoulder. “And tell your babies to watch themselves. I’m not the devil, I just don’t give a shit. Kinda like you, huh?”

Author's Note:

Part of a series. Y'all come back now, ya hear?

P.S. Feed me comments, I need your validation/

critique